

Confessions Spoken Too Quietly

by nero749

Category: Dragon Age

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Lavellan, Solas

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 00:46:23

Updated: 2016-04-13 00:46:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:59:52

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,010

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Another prompt from Tumblr, the prompt was 'things you said too quietly.' This is a one shot for Ellana and Solas from The Elven Epoch, it takes place near the end of Inquisition. After meeting Mythral, Ellana is full of questions about the Elven gods. For once, Solas is reluctant to answer questions, as all the answers remind him of a truth he has kept from Ellana.

Confessions Spoken Too Quietly

Solas shifted on his bedroll as he watched his tent being opened by Ellana. It wasn't unusual for her to come to his tent, since that second kiss and his confession of his feelings for her, they had spent many nights together – though not in the way Sera seemed to believe – even more so when they were on the road.

Normally Solas would welcome Ellana's company, but he feared what she would ask him this night. He had avoided being alone with her as much as he could these past days, hoping to avoid her curiosity, but now he could escape her questions no longer.

"Good, you're still awake," Ellana said as she manoeuvred through the cramped space, eventually sitting down next to him.

"Of course," Solas answered, "the sun hasn't even set yet."

"I know, but you've – well, you've been retreating to your tent early these past days, I thought perhaps you needed the extra sleep."

Solas didn't respond.

"Or maybe you just wanted some privacy," Ellana said softly to herself, it wasn't an accusation, more an apology, and she moved to leave.

Despite wanting to avoid the topic he knew Ellana would bring up, Solas did not want her believing he would ever begrudge her company. "Please stay," he said, putting his arm around her and pulling her in against his chest.

"I still cannot believe it," Ellana said after a little while. "First we meet ancient elves, actual living ancient elves, and then I meet Mythal—| _Mythal_ Solas! She's real, flesh and blood, but I—| I just don't know how to understand that, how to align that knowledge with what I've been told. All those stories about our gods—| maybe they're all still alive, maybe they're all just elves, not gods, just elves like you and I."

Solas listened as Ellana rambled, he could imagine what it felt like, having your worldview shift so drastically in just a few days, but he did not want to offer her his knowledge, anything he would say could reveal too much, her keen mind often understood more than others did, and—| He sighed. He did not want to have to lie to her, even to protect his own plans, his own identity.

"I wish you could have been there, Solas, in the Fade, when I met Mythal," Ellana said.

"Why?" Solas asked surprised.

Ellana propped herself up so she could meet his eyes. "I saw your reaction to the Temple of Mythal, to meeting Abelas, you can't tell me you wouldn't have loved to have met Mythal." Ellana laughed softly. "Maybe you would finally have found an elf you do have something in common with."

The remark stung, but Ellana could not have realised why it would, so Solas tucked the hurt away as he had before. But Ellana had caught the expression on his face and the look on her own face turned from amusement to concern. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing that outweighs the issue at hand; dealing with Corypheus," Solas answered, he stroked Ellana's hair.

Ellana narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips, but she didn't push any further, and laid back down against his chest, falling silent.

"Sometimes I wonder what it would have been like, what Arlathan was," Ellana said, breaking the silence.

"How so?"

"I've read stories of bridges made of clouds, and heard your stories of floating cities—| It must have been wonderful, seeing a world like that. And the ancient elves, if they could perform magic like that, they must have been more powerful mages than even Tevinter magisters. I suppose they would be, with magic being all around them, like you said. Do you think it really was like that?"

"It was," he said without thinking. He froze, waiting for Ellana to realise what he had just said, to confront him, but she did not. Presumably she believed it merely a statement of his confidence in the truth of his knowledge.

"Then why isn't it like that anymore? There is no magic like that left in the world, nothing that powerful, where did it go?"

Solas shifted on the bedroll, the question reminded him of something that had been on his mind for months now. The question of how honest he should be with her, or rather how honest he wanted to be with her. He wasn't particularly keen on telling her who he was, especially considering the stories the Dalish told of Fen'harel, and of course because admitting to his true identity meant admitting his guilt in the destruction of Elvhenan. Ellana might not realise, even if he told her, but his actions had cost her so much.

"Perhaps there is still a chance for restoration," Solas said, not really answering Ellana's question.

"I would like that; like to see it as it was."

"I imagine you would enjoy that."

Ellana laughed a little. "Not as much as you would, I'm sure."

Solas smiled and stroked her hair again, "Perhaps."

They sat there in silence for a while. Outside the tent Solas could hear the others in the camp discussing the day and the journey ahead; he could hear Sera and Blackwall laughing together. Solas looked down at Ellana lying against his chest, her left hand next to her face. Every now and then the mark would briefly light up, probably due to the weakened veil in this area, reminding him of his guilt. The mark would eventually kill Ellana. Solas had tried to take it back, remove it from her hand, but it had been to no avail, as he had known truly. Ellana believed the mark stable, believed she was safe, and he had not the heart to correct her. There was only one way to remove the mark and he was far too weak to try it.

Solas heard a strange clang outside the tent, followed by Sera and Blackwall's loud laughs. There had been a time he had felt separate from everyone in this new world. Before, when Elvhenan was still strong, people were more strongly connected, you could feel what they felt, to some extent, when Solas woke and found that missing, he had assumed no one left alive was complete, that raising the veil had fundamentally broken them. In a way he still believed that, still he saw more than before. Still it did not matter, he had to correct his mistake, even if the people of this world weren't as broken as he had believed before, they were still not complete. He had stolen something from them and all who would follow and he couldn't restore it without tearing the world apart.

Ellana moved against his chest, her bright eyes searching for his. "Solas," she began, "if Mythal was real, and not just real, but mortal, do you think that is true for all our gods?"

Our gods, Solas repeated the words in his mind. Ellana had always considered him one of her own people, which was unlike the Dalish as he knew them. "She was killed, but I don't believe she was mortal. None of the elves from before are."

"Before?" Ellana asked surprised.

"In ancient times," Solas quickly corrected.

"I know that's what we say of them, but I'm not sure I believe it," Ellana said. "But more importantly, do you think the other gods are real as well?"

"I've always believed they were, not that they were gods of course, but I believed they existed."

"Hmm, I wonder why they came to be known as gods then. Perhaps the stories the Dalish tell of them are true, and it's those actions that made them be known as gods?"

"Iâ€¦ the stories will be based on truth, but the ages that have passed will have twisted many of them."

"Maybe not, maybe the stories we tell of them are true."

"There are many who still believe you the Herald of Andraste, or Hanal'ghilan, even if you were to tell them you are one of them, nothing more, they would choose not to believe you. We rarely control the stories told of us," Solas said.

"Alistair told me I should let the soldiers keep their fictions about me, but Iâ€¦"

"You would want the truth."

"Yes, if I were not Inquisitor, but one of the soldiers, I would want to know the truth," Ellana said.

"Even if it would take something from you? Shake your belief, destroy something that helped shape your view of the world?"

"Yes," Ellana said without hesitation. "I would always want to know the truth."

Solas smiled a little, "I admire you for that."

"For what?"

"Your curiosity."

Ellana laughed, "You would be the first."

Solas wrapped his arms around Ellana, pulling her a little closer against his chest. He studied her face, the branches tattooed on her skin: Mythal's vallaslin. Solas wondered if she truly would prefer the truth, how she would feel if she learned the true origins of the markings. Perhaps he would tell her one day.

Outside the tent the others had grown quiet, it was late and Solas could only see a single shape pass the tent, undoubtedly whoever was left on guard duty.

Ellana had accepted the truth about the ancient elves and Mythal so readily, though shaken by it, she seemed to adapt to this new truth quickly. She would listen if Solas told her the truth, her curious nature would let him speak, and she would be willing to consider, even if heâ€¦

"Vhenan, Iâ€| there is something I must tell you."

"Hmm?" Ellana barely stirred against his chest.

"I must tell you the truth."

"Hmm-mm."

"You asked me once, who my people are," Solas paused, considering what he was about to do, the weight of it. He swallowed hard, "Truth is, I do consider the elves to be my people, simply not the elves of this age."

"Hmm."

"Like Abelas, Iâ€|" Solas shook his head. "What I know of Elvhenan I have not learned from travelling the Fade, Iâ€| I have seen it, I'veâ€| _lived_ it. You asked me if I believed the other gods could be as real as Mythal, and I do, her tale was based on truth," Solas paused, "as was mineâ€|" his voice almost a whisper now. He took a deep breath. "The truth is, all my knowledge of the ancient elves and Elvhenan comes from experience. I am from their time. Iâ€| am Fen'harel."

Solas waited, his heart pounding in his chest, fully suspecting Ellana to push him away, tell him to leave the Inquisition, even without him revealing his role in the events that had led them here. But there came no reply.

"Ellana?"

After a long pause, the only response was: "Hmm." Ellana settled against his chest. Solas felt his heartbeat slow down again, realising Ellana had not heard his confession. In truth, he suspected part of him had believed her to be asleep, before he spoke. That subconsciously he had seen this as an opportunity to tell her the truth, with no true repercussion. What surprised Solas however, was how he felt, finding her asleep and unaware of his words. His relief had been but temporary; what he felt now was disappointment.

Solas stroked Ellana's hair, "Ar lath ma vhenan," he whispered.

"Hmm," Ellana moved in his arms, "Solas? Were youâ€|" she stretched her limbs.

"Vhenan," he said, still stroking her hair, "would you be willing to come with me?"

"With you?" Ellana laughed a little. "Besides the many journeys we go on regularly? This one being an excellent example."

"I meant, would you be willing to come with me, alone."

"Oh," Ellana propped herself up so she could look at him. "Of course, I wouldâ€| enjoy it."

Solas smiled as he dipped his head to kiss her. "I'll keep that in mind then."

End
file.